

## MEMORIES.

An empty room, and yet how full  
Of her since she has gone.  
No trifle but becomes a thing  
For thought to dwell upon.

The very silence misleads her,  
And moves on noiseless feet,  
Fearing to wake some memory  
The brave heart could not meet.

Irreversible fate is felt  
In every place, and look!  
How firm its iron hand has grasped  
That open half-read book.

—Edith Turner Newcomb, in Harper's Bazar.

## DR. JIM'S TEST

**F**ATHER TOM and "Doc-  
tor Jim" were called  
by the villagers. They  
were brothers, Thomas  
and James Radcliffe, re-  
spectively, old bachelors both, one the  
village parson, who looked after the  
souls of the brethren, while the other,  
Brother Jim, doctored their bodies.

Father Tom lived in the little par-  
sonage next the church, with the old-  
est woman inhabitant of the place—a  
dame past seventy, but who knew how  
to darn stockings—as his housekeeper.  
Dr. Jim lived at the other end of the  
village street and looked after his own  
housework. "Even brothers who are  
so fond of each other as Tom and I  
ought to live apart," said Dr. Jim.  
"It strengthens the affections."

The brothers passed every evening  
of their lives together, one night at  
the parsonage and the next at the  
"doctory." They passed every one  
over their pipes, for the parson wasn't  
a pig, and the doctor was wont to say  
that tobacco was the only known spe-  
cific for all human ills.

"Tom," said his brother one evening,  
"I see that old Bill Lamson has died  
over at Leeds."

"Yes, Jim," said Father Tom, "and  
I was at his deathbed."

"I always suspected, Tom, that you  
knew all about Bill Lamson's part in  
the Johnson killing years ago. If he  
had a part in it, which I am inclined  
to believe, by the way, and that you  
kept the whole thing to yourself."

"Well, suppose I did know about it,  
Jim. If Lamson told me anything—  
which I won't grant even now—he  
told it to me because I was a clergy-  
man, and it's not in the clerical pro-  
vince to tell on a man who is repentant,  
no matter what his crime."

"Right you are, Tom, and I tell you  
that a physician ought to hold secrets  
just as tight if they come from a pa-  
tient. I wouldn't give up a wounded  
man if he had come to me for  
treatment and had thrown himself on  
my mercy and on my professional  
care. I'd consider myself a sort of a  
father confessor to his bodily ills, as  
you might to the sins of his soul."

"You're all wrong, Jim. You can't  
class the physician with the priest.  
The soul and the body are things  
apart, and the touch of the sacred  
doesn't enter into your profession as it  
does into mine. You have no right to  
claim the clergyman's exemption from  
giving evidence against an evildoer  
who has trusted you. In concealment  
you do the state an injury."

"Likely I would if such a condition  
ever confronted me, Tom, but I  
wouldn't give the fellow up if he had  
once trusted me and I had cared for  
him. I might be an enemy of the state  
in so doing, but I'd sleep better after  
it."

The brothers separated for the night.  
Dr. Jim went back into the little labo-  
ratory back of the village room, musing  
over the talk with his brother. "It  
would be a curious situation to be  
placed in," he thought, "to have a  
wounded criminal on your hands and  
to feel that the state might look to you  
as an accomplice because you had  
failed to turn him over to justice after  
you had patched him up."

Dr. Jim sat up late studying. He  
heard a noise outside the door at an  
hour after midnight, and, throwing it  
open, a man fell into the room and on  
to the floor. "I seen your sign, doctor,  
with the light behind it. I guess I'm  
done for, but maybe you can fix me  
up."

The man gasped and faintly. Sturdy  
Dr. Jim picked him up and carried  
him to the laboratory, where he laid  
his burden on the lounge and made a  
hasty examination. The man had a  
bullet hole through the thigh, and was  
weak from the loss of blood. Beyond  
that his injury wasn't serious. Dr.  
Jim stanchied the flow and gave the  
man restoratives.

"Where did you get this wound?" he  
asked his midnight-visitor when he  
had regained consciousness.

"Don't tell on me, Doc. I trusted  
you. I cracked a place with a pal. He  
got away all right and has the swag,  
but I got shot when the old fellow in  
the house waked up. Maybe I done  
for him. I don't know, though, but he  
didn't shoot again after he hit me, and  
I let drive back."

"You can't stay here," said Dr. Jim.  
"Patients and other people will be here  
to-morrow, and you can't travel for a  
week. I'll put you on a cot in a room  
over the summer kitchen at the back  
of the yard, and I'll look after you,  
though it goes against the grain." And  
the doctor smiled a bit grimly as he  
thought of his conversation with Father  
Tom a few hours before.

An hour later the wounded burglar  
was bandaged, fed and secreted in the  
upper chamber of the unused summer  
kitchen. There was a fierce summer  
at Dr. Jim's front door. He opened it.  
The village constable and a dozen ex-  
cited citizens were there. "Father Tom  
has been shot!" they fairly howled at  
the physician.

Dr. Jim felt his knees tremble under  
him. The constable, who had come  
sense, hastened to say: "Oh, he ain't  
hurt bad, but come along."

The doctor found his brother suffer-  
ing from a slight scalp wound and in-  
forming the loss of \$500, nearly all the  
money he had in the world.

Dr. Jim treated his brother, and then  
strode away toward his home. Sentiment  
was all right, but when a man's  
brother was shot, why, that was differ-  
ent. "You shot and robbed my brother,"  
he said savagely to the patient  
tossing on the cot.

"Was he your brother, Doc? I'm  
sorry, and you've been good to a feller.  
Don't give me up, Doc."

The doctor capitulated. "Have you got  
the \$500 yet?" he asked.

"No, honest, Doc, I ain't. Sam got  
the hull of it."

"A man should not do for his brother  
what he would not do for mankind  
at large," mused the doctor. He went  
to his study, took \$500 in bills from a  
recess in his desk, put it in a huge en-  
velope with a slip of paper, on which  
he wrote in a disguised hand:

"Here's your money. I didn't know  
you was a preacher. My father was  
one—Snaky Sam."

The doctor saw to it that his brother  
got the money next day. The patient  
over the summer kitchen improved  
rapidly. Day by day he would repeat:  
"So the parson is your brother. You're  
a good, game one, Doc."

In a week the burglar was gone.  
Three days later Dr. Jim received a  
package. It contained \$800 and a let-  
ter which said: "I met Sam. I got the  
money back, and then I raised some-  
more, no matter how. The extra hun-  
dred is for professional services. You're  
a good, game one, Doc. Lanky Ben."

The next night Father Tom and Dr.  
Jim were sitting smoking together.  
"Jim," said Father Tom, "if I'd hit  
that burglar I shot at and he'd come  
here, what would you have done with  
him?"

"Tom, my boy, the time has come to  
talk of other things." — Edward B.  
Clark, in Chicago Record-Herald.

## An Unprofitable Convert.

In Burma the drum major of an  
infantry regiment, noted for his steady-  
ness, good humor and constant atten-  
tion to his duties, one day suddenly  
disappeared from the barracks at Ran-  
goun. At first it was supposed that  
he had gone on a spree in the town,  
and he would turn up when his land fit  
was over, but as day after day passed  
and no news came of him it was at last  
assumed that he had gone off in one of  
the American ships which called at  
that port, it being no unusual thing  
for soldiers at Rangoon to desert in  
this way. About eight months after-  
ward a native Burmese came to the  
barracks one morning and by means  
of the regimental interpreter made it  
known that he had been sent by a  
phoothee (native priest) from a neigh-  
boring Buddhist monastery in the for-  
est to say that there was an English  
soldier there whom they wished to get  
rid of. An escort was despatched and  
brought back no less a personage than  
the absentee drum major. The only  
explanation he had to give was that  
the spirit of adventure seized him one  
day, he had taken a fowling piece and  
gone into the jungle to shoot. Coming  
across the monastery, the phoothee  
had behaved hospitably to him,  
and had allowed him to sleep there  
that night. During the night the fancy  
seized him to become a Buddhist,  
and making known his desire to the  
community next morning he was accepted.  
For a few months all went well. He  
remained quietly indoors absorbed in  
the study of Buddhist mysteries, which  
had a peculiar fascination for him.  
But after a time the demon of unrest  
began to stir him up again. He made  
repeated incursions into the jungle  
and each time returned laden with  
game. The taking of any form of ani-  
mal life is contrary to the principles  
of Buddhism, and the phoothee ex-  
posed him to him, but without avail;  
so, finding him an unprofitable convert,  
they got rid of him by communicating  
with his regiment.—Golden Penny.

## Gum Chewing and Lunacy.

Who would have thought that doc-  
tors would countenance the practice of  
gum chewing? Yet here is the news  
from St. Paul that the Minnesota State  
Board of Control includes chewing  
gum in the list of supplies for insane  
patients, as its use is often found to  
have excellent effect upon patients,  
soothing them during violent spells,  
and enabling them to concentrate their  
minds upon various forms of work.  
Doubtless it is the muscular, not the  
secretory, activity that produces the  
beneficial result. The secretory activity  
may deplete the salivary glands,  
and thus prove prejudicial to diges-  
tion. Insane people are nervous, and  
almost every one inclined to nervous-  
ness has discovered that there are  
forms of fidgeting which enable him  
to relieve the tension upon his nerves  
and help him to concentrate his atten-  
tion.

Many a lawyer and many an orator  
would be at a loss in speaking if he  
could not twiddle his watch chain or  
twirl his eyeglasses. Many a traveling  
man and many a politician would lose  
his reputation for ease of manner in  
conversation if deprived of the cigar  
he gracefully puffs in the intervals of  
his talk. And the fan! What mistress  
of coquetry would be willing to sur-  
render her fan?

But while gum chewing may relieve  
the fidgets in the case of those who do  
the chewing, the slight of it is likely  
to give the fidgets to other people  
obliged to look on.—Milwaukee Even-  
ing Wisconsin.

## Feminine Duplicity.

A young man visited his girl west of  
town on Sunday evening. After they  
had talked several hours he declared  
his intention of kissing her. She was  
apparently indignant, and said she  
would tell her father. Remembering  
that faint heart never won fair lady  
the young man was not dismayed, and  
succeeded in planting a kiss behind her  
left ear. To make good her threat the  
young woman arose hastily and  
walked to the kitchen. "Papa," she  
said innocently, "Mr. M. wants to see  
your new gun." "All right! All right!"  
said the old man, delighted with a  
chance to show it. Taking it from the  
rack he stepped into the parlor. The  
young man broke four window panes  
in getting out, and when last seen was  
still running bareheaded up the road in  
the direction of town.—Gardner (Ill.)  
Chronicle.

## A Belle of the Paris Siege.

There has just been added to the  
Army Museum in Paris a very inter-  
esting memento of the Franco-Prussian  
war. It is the first and perhaps the  
only number of a newspaper called  
"The Ballon Poste," dated Sunday, Oc-  
tober 30, 1870. The paper, folded to the  
size of a letter, was dispatched from  
the city by balloon, and a four-cent  
stamp was attached to each copy so  
that it might be posted to the subscrib-  
er. The Ballon Poste was intended to  
keep the provinces informed of what  
was happening inside of Paris. The  
paper was found in Tours.

## Soldiers of the Turkish Army.

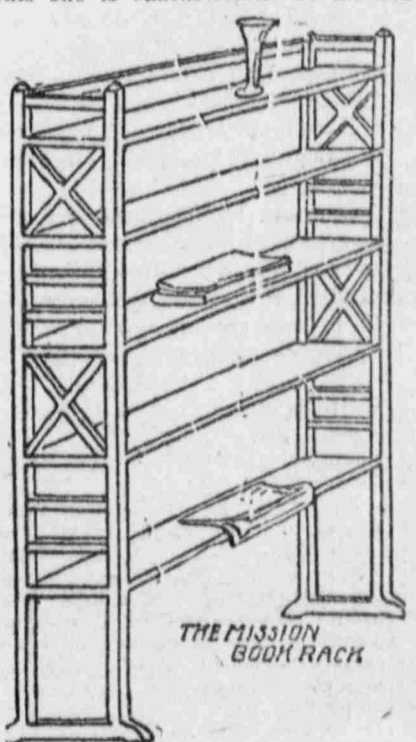


A GROUP OF THE ALBANIAN REGIMENT OF THE GUARD.

The fierce fighting men of the Turkish army may be called on to defend the Sultan and his government against the Macedonian revolutionists, or foreign invaders, as the case may be, form a bulwark not easily overthrown. The Turkish soldier is a fatalist, and fights with an enthusiasm inspired by his belief that his reward in the future life will be all the greater for having died in defending the faith.

## Mission Bookrack

Though it fits right into a mission  
scheme of furnishing, there is nothing  
to prevent this mission bookrack from  
being utilized in any room where a  
bookcase is suitable. If the room be  
done in mission style the wood should  
be of the same sort as other  
pieces of furniture, the beautiful tea  
brown being a general favorite. Such  
pieces may, however, be stained in  
any color or to represent any wood.  
This one is characteristic of mission



pieces, being solid and well designed  
generally. It may be used as it is  
or it may be fitted with a rod and  
hangings. All this must naturally be  
governed by the rest of the room.

## Perpetual Light.

A small quantity of radium salts in  
the Currie laboratory, where this won-  
derful substance was discovered, was  
sufficient to render the walls, the in-  
struments, the air, radio-active. That  
is, the walls, the instruments, the air,  
gave off radiations of their own mere  
presence. Imagine the gain to man-  
kind when a process is evolved for  
making those radiations luminous. Or-  
dinarily gas or electric light would no  
longer be necessary. There would no  
longer be dark corners in the world.  
Everything that had felt the influence  
of the radium would shine, and since  
the energy of the salt is well-nigh  
perpetual, there would never be any  
need of renewing the lighting contract.  
—Theodore Walters, in the September  
Everybody's.

Oshkosh, the Menominee Chief For Whom  
Was Named a Prosperous Wisconsin City

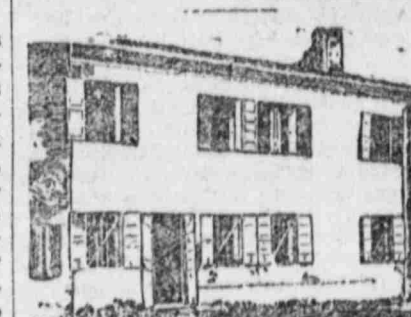
Oshkosh was the name of a Meno-  
minee chieftain who had been very  
kind to the settlers, and who remained  
so to the day of his death. His grand-

## Guard For the Rings

It so frequently happens that the  
possession of a ring has some senti-  
mental attached to it that it is held by  
its owner at a valuation much greater  
than its intrinsic worth. On the other



hand, rings very often represent the  
investment of a great deal of money,  
and in either event the owners are de-  
sirous of enjoying the pleasures of  
wearing the precious circlets without  
the constant fear of them becoming  
separated from them. For this purpose  
the guard shown here has been de-  
vised. It consists of a bracelet, to  
the inner part of which is attached a  
shield, and each of the rings on the  
finger is fastened by a holder, which  
will not permit the ring's removal,  
either by accident or design. This  
mechanism fits in the palm of the  
hand and is not at all obtrusive.

WHERE PIUS X.  
WAS BORN

The illustration gives us the picture of  
the humble dwelling at Riese, where  
the new Pope first saw the light of  
day.

A tumbler combination lock for post-  
office boxes has been invented for those  
prone to lose their keys.



son, Reginald Oshkosh, a graduate of  
the Cayle School of Indiana, was  
present at the recent celebration of the  
fiftieth anniversary of the founding of

WHY DO PLANTS  
HAVE THORNS?

From an Article by Ferdinand  
Fatigati, in La Science Illustrée,  
Paris—Condensed and Translated  
for Public Opinion.

The influence of the environment is  
very great in the formation of thorns,  
so great, in fact, that we frequently  
find that a plant in one place has  
thorns and a few miles away is devoid  
of them. Observation and experiment  
are in agreement in showing that three  
causes are in operation here, namely,  
impoverished soil, dryness of the at-  
mosphere, and intensity of light, each  
of which provokes or accentuates the  
condition under discussion. In this  
connection it is interesting to state  
that cultivation diminishes the num-  
ber of spines and in many instances  
makes them disappear after several  
generations.

M. Lhoteller has shown by a long  
series of experiments that thorny  
plants when submitted to the action  
of humidity tend to lose their spines.



THE reduction taking place in two  
ways. In the case of spines which  
are produced by modified leaves or  
modified stems, there is a tendency  
to revert to the primitive type, while  
in those which originate in stipules—an  
organ unnecessary to the life of the  
plant—the spine diminishes and in  
many cases completely disappears. The  
partial deprivation of light also pro-  
duces a more or less complete suppres-  
sion of the thorns, as proved by many  
authenticated instances.

It thus appears that thorns are the  
result of insufficient nutrition, but this  
answer by no means exhausts the sub-  
ject, for the question arises, what is  
the use of the thorns, and how do  
they benefit the plant? Grindon  
claimed that the thorns have no use  
since they are found in a large num-  
ber of families different both as to  
form and as to needs, but there can  
be little doubt that the thorn is a  
means of protection to the plant  
and that its purpose is to inspire a  
healthy respect in quadrupeds. The  
thorn protects the creatures which carry  
it, and where the case be that of a  
hedgehog or thistle, beast or bird, it  
allows its possessor to the more ef-  
fectually defend itself. To pluck a  
bouquet of eglandines without fearing  
the clothes or wounding the fingers is  
an operation which requires consummate  
cleverness, and thus in number-  
less instances from the clove tree to the  
gooseberry we see that nature has  
made provision for these members of  
her family, so that they may defend  
the young leaves and tender buds so  
necessary to the continuance of their  
lives.

The illustration gives us the picture of  
the humble dwelling at Riese, where  
the new Pope first saw the light of  
day.

A tumbler combination lock for post-  
office boxes has been invented for those  
prone to lose their keys.

## A Hidden Portrait



An important part is played by hid-  
den pictures in politics, particularly  
in French politics. An example of  
such pictures is that shown above,  
the original of which was sent to the Phil-  
adelphia Record by Will Leigh, of La-  
haska, Pa. The head of Napoleon is  
formed by the leaves in the upper  
right-hand corner of the bunch of vi-  
lets.

Statistics show that 29,470 bodies  
were cremated in France last year.

THE WHITE ANTS  
OF SOUTH AFRICA

ADREN LOIR, in La Nature,  
Paris.

**T**HERE are found in South  
Africa a considerable num-  
ber of insects belonging to  
the termite family, but the  
most remarkable are those  
called white ants. Because of the  
destruction which they cause these in-  
sects are a real scourge to the coun-  
try; they live in myriads in subter-  
ranean nests, and are one of the great-  
est obstacles to every form of agri-  
culture. During the night these in-  
sects perform their destructive work,  
the greater part of the time being in-  
visible and moving under the shelter  
of small tunnels which they construct  
on their way as they move forward.  
Not only do they attack vegetation of  
all sorts, but they also invade houses  
and even when the exterior of these  
appears sound they are often filled  
with ants which destroy wood and  
undermine masonry. The house may  
appear intact, but some day it is dis-  
covered that the building is really  
about to fall into dust. The rapidly  
judged when it is stated that a lawyer  
of Bulawayo found after an absence of  
a week that the insects had made oc-  
cupancy of his house impossible. Eight  
days only had sufficed for these de-  
stroyers to raise in the chimney a nest  
as high as a man. I have seen cases  
of wine from Europe, the corks of  
which had been entirely consumed by  
ants, leaving the bottles to waste their  
contents on the floor of the storeroom.  
One frequently comes across these  
ants' nests, little hills erected at short  
distances from each other around a  
hill of earth fifteen feet in height, at  
the top of which is a gaping opening,  
the entrance to the nests. The nest



AN ANT'S NEST.

itself is composed of galleries hollowed  
regularly, all ending in a larger gal-  
lery, which may be considered the  
principal avenue of the city. This ave-  
nue leads to the deepest part of the  
nest, where we may find the residence  
of the queen. When sovereignty has  
been placed on the head of a queen,  
the workmen tear her wings off and  
place her in a cell proportioned to her  
size, with an adjoining cell for her  
mate.

As in our own climate, each one of  
these nests forms a small republic, con-  
taining a queen, royal guards, work-  
ers and other useful members of so-  
ciety. As thousands of eggs are laid  
each day in these nests, it is not dif-  
ficult to understand the ever-increas-  
ing number of ants that inhabit them.  
These small but fearful enemies of  
man which live in the same neigh-  
borhood, and two ant nests never live  
together in peace, even where they are  
inhabited by individuals closely relat-  
ed to each other from the standpoint  
of race. The most formidable enemies  
of the white ants, however, are the  
large black ants called Matabele, be-  
cause of their color, which is analo-  
gous to that of the inhabitants of  
Matabeleland. The black ants are much  
larger than the white, and a legion of  
Matabele is sufficient to throw an  
entire city of white ants into a state  
of absolute panic. Much more vi-  
cious than the latter, armed with for-  
midable mandibles, the invading black  
ants throw themselves on the poor  
frightened creatures of the white city,  
seizing as many as thirteen at a time,  
and carrying them quickly to their  
own hill. In this case the Matabele  
is not inspired by any bloodthirsty  
desire, for it does its captive no harm,  
being content to keep it in a condition  
of slavery.

Much less diligent and in-  
telligent than the little white ant, the  
black ant makes the former work for  
the black colony, the white ant labor-  
ing faithfully in the domain of its  
masters, constructing for them com-  
fortable cells, taking care of their lar-  
vae, and digging tunnels which permit  
their captors to go from one place to  
the other sheltered from the wind and  
rain. Thus it is that frequently we  
find entire tribes of white ants living  
in the Matabele communities.

Large and small ants have one com-  
mon enemy, the ant bear, which is  
very numerous in those regions where  
they are abundant. There is absolutely  
no safety when one of these animals  
stays the nest, although this does not  
prevent the number of ants from in-  
creasing in enormous quantities, in  
places the nests of these insects oc-  
cupying such an extent of territory  
that they form small villages, attack-  
ing everything, devouring everything,  
cutting the roots, destroying the leaves,  
hollowing and emptying the interior  
of branches and leaving only the bark,  
the whole tree falling into dust. At  
Bulawayo in the municipal park out of  
every fifty trees planted one only lives,  
and it is estimated that the damage  
in this town alone amounts to 250,000  
francs per year.

## Ade's Parlor Trick.

George Ade attended recently a din-  
ner of theatrical people in Boston. The  
stage folks sang song and told stories,  
but Mr. Ade, who is very quiet and  
retriving, would neither sing nor speak.  
He was, he said, no good at anything  
of that kind. Finally, though, the calls  
for Mr. Ade became too vehement.  
The young man had to yield. He rose  
and said:

"I will tell you an excellent trick in  
parlor magic. You take a tumbler and  
fill it two-thirds full of filtered water.  
Then you insert in the water a lump  
of sugar and a spoon and you begin  
to stir. In a few minutes the sugar  
will become invisible."

## A Big Tomato Vine.

A tomato vine, nearly sixteen feet  
high, was on exhibition at the Illinois  
State Fair. It was grown at Para-  
mour, Ark.

In the city of New York there are  
only 737,477 white persons both of  
native parents.

## OVERPOPULATION.

We have often read the scriptural com-  
mand about increasing.  
Multiplying and replenishing the earth.  
Which the same the human race has been  
respecting without ceasing.  
Since the time our first progenitors had  
birth.  
We have also read the Malthus creed, in  
which the fact is stated,  
That if we don't stop this program we'll  
be overpopulated.  
And it frankly is admitted, if some lines  
had never seen existence,  
We'd be better situated;  
As for instance:

There's the man who gets a job because he  
is somebody's son,  
He's too numerous.  
There's the man behind the jumpy, there's  
the man behind the gun,  
He's too numerous.  
There's the fellow who is out of date, and  
should be on the shelf;  
There's the pauper as to intellect, who's  
left a wad of self,  
Lives by other people's work, and never  
does a lick himself,  
He's too numerous.

There's the fellow who imagines he's the  
whole, blooming show,  
He's too numerous.  
There's the man who thinks he knows it  
and lays out to tell you so,  
He's too numerous.  
There's the man who's after dollars and  
who has no higher aim;  
There's the man who has all truth staked  
in his theological claim;  
There are several millions others whom I  
haven't time to name,  
They're too numerous.  
—J. A. Edgerton, in Life.



"Come, come, old boy, brave up! You  
know that faint heart never won fair  
lady." "But she's a brunette."—Cleve-  
land Plain Dealer.

Rooney—"Where did ye get the black  
eye, Molke?" Clancy—"Why, Tim Do-  
lan's just back from his honeymoon—  
an' 'twas me advised Tim t' git mar-  
ried."—Judge.

This earth it is a pleasant place,  
With changing joys throughout the year;  
Most of the troubles which we trace  
Are caused by people dwelling here.

—Washington Star.  
bother me. When I was a little boy I  
didn't bother my papa with questions.  
Willie—"Maybe if you had, no, you'd  
be able to answer mine."—Philadelphia  
Ledger.

It is reported that a young married  
man of Golconda, wrapped in the  
greatest excitement, flew to the tele-  
graph office of his town and wired  
his wife's relatives a happening as fol-  
lows: "Twins to-day, more to-mor-  
row."—Lyte.

Correspondent—"You saw what the  
papers said about you thing morning  
I presume?" Returned Millionaire  
(president of a great corporation):  
"No, I don't know what they said  
about me, but you may say for me,  
sir, that there wasn't a word of truth  
in it."—Chicago Tribune.

"Has your husband a bookplate?"  
asked Mrs. Olmstead as she sat down  
in a delightful corner of the new neigh-  
bor's magnificent library. "No," re-  
plied her hostess. "Josiah never has  
got one of them yet. He says he'd  
rather keep him in the cases because  
they get so dusty when you lay them  
on a plate."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"Hello, Jones!" said the excited lit-  
tle man in the crowd. "If you should  
see my wife tell her I'll be back here  
in a half hour, will you?" "But," pro-  
tested Jones, "I don't know your wife."  
"Oh, come now! This is no time to  
stand upon ceremony. Just deliver the  
message and I'll give you a formal in-  
troduction to her later."—Philadelphia  
Press.

The youth stood in front of the  
quick lunch establishment and wept  
bitterly. "Why this grief?" asked the  
benevolent citizen. "Me fadder's  
dead," replied the blubbering urchin.  
"How do you know it?" asked the  
benevolent citizen. "Because he went  
into that quick lunch place five minutes  
ago an' he hasn't never come out yit."  
—Baltimore American.

## When Tennyson Became a Peer.

The last time I saw Alfred Ten-  
nyson was like the first, an imposing and  
unique occasion. That last time was  
on the day when Tennyson, just en-  
dowed with a peerage, was formally  
introduced to the House of Lords. I  
watched the ceremonial from the bar  
of the House of Lords, the place where  
members of the House of Commons  
are privileged to stand. The whole  
ceremonial is a severe trial for the  
nerves and the composure of even the  
most self-possessed and self-satisfied  
among newly created peers. The new  
comer wears for the first time his robes  
of state, and these robes make a garb  
in which it is hardly possible for any  
novice not to appear somewhat ridicu-  
lous. The new peer is formally con-  
ducted by two of his brother peers  
into the House of Lords, is presented  
with due obeisances to the Lord Chan-  
cellor and other leading members of  
the House, and has to make many gen-  
uine bows and go through many forms  
which bear, to irreverent eyes, a sug-  
gestion of theatricality and masquerade.  
Tennyson comforted himself  
with modesty and dignity throughout  
the whole of this popular ordeal, and  
the general feeling was that even if  
the performance had been carefully  
rehearsed, which we assume it certainly  
was not, Lord Tennyson could not  
more successfully have got through his  
part in the dramatic exhibition. Jus-  
tin McCarthy in Harper's Magazine.

## Tennyson in the Backwoods.

At a small school in the backwoods a  
well meaning but misguided instructor  
gave her pupils the task of subtracting  
629 from 880,788,880 until nothing re-  
mained as a home lesson. On the way  
from school the children rejoiced at so  
easy a requisition, but once at work  
the rejoicing was speedily turned to  
sorrow. After working for hours with-  
out any perceptible diminution of the  
figures, the youngsters gave up in de-  
spair. I'll then tried, but with no  
better success. And small wonder.  
In order to complete the task the num-  
ber 1,400 times, leaving a small re-  
sponder. Some indignant parent cal-  
culated that, working at the rate of  
three subtractions a minute for twelve  
hours a day, the task given the chil-  
dren for an evening's exercise would  
require a little more than a year and  
nine months to accomplish.